

# The Week in Society

## A FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Miss Amelia M. Rea and Mr. Howard H. Jackson of this city was solemnized, Thursday night May 11th at the bride's home 2048 L street, northwest, at 7 o'clock. Rev. H. A. M. Cypress, officiating.

The bride was handsomely gowned in white mousseline de soie with ribbons and lace to match, and carried a large bouquet of bride roses. The bride and groom received many congratulations from the host of friends who had assembled to witness the marriage. As a token of remembrance to the bride and groom many handsome presents were received. Mr. Jackson and wife are well known residents of this city.

The BEE extends to them its best wishes for their present, future and aerial happiness. A reception was held from 8 to 10:20 where the guests assembled in the dining room, and was lavishly served by one of the leading caterers of the city. The table was decorated with candelabra. Among the invited guests were:

Dr. C. B. Purvis, Lawyer William L. Pollard, Mr. Wm. J. Jackson and wife, Mr. Elton Jackson and wife, Mr. Blakey and wife, Mesdames Mary Cook, Bertha Mitchell, F. C. Revells, Rosa L. Laws, M. R. Wright, R. Brent, L. Draper, C. A. Brooks, L. Robinson, S. Dangerfield, L. Washington, Mrs. James Hanzer and wife, Misses Florence and Lena Connell, Laura and Florence Jackson, Irene Washington, Lena Sanford, Lillie Burton, Messrs. C. Parker, A. Valentine, S. Williams, S. D. Brown, J. F. Silence, Eugene Tyler, E. V. Wright, John Brent, William Brent, L. Gant, John Chum and T. B. Jordan. The bride and groom received on Sunday from 3 to 7.

The indications are that a large audience will be in attendance at the Hoffman Concert next Friday evening June 9th at the Academy of Music. The soloists are Mrs. Estella Maston, soprano; Mr. Wm. Hurley, basso; Mrs. Thaddeus Grimes Johnson, reader. Beside the Hoffman Concert Band of 35 musicians.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Waiter's Association of District Columbia, will give their first grand picnic of the season at Palace Park, Monday June 12th. Prof. Hoffman will furnish music. The friends of the associations are invited to be present. Admission 25cts. Thomas A. Watson, chairman.

It seldom happens that you are treated to a double bill in any concert but at the Academy of Music Friday evening June 9th, besides the Festival of Song by the Elementary Sight Singing Class of 60 voices, the Hoffman Concert Band of 35 musicians, in their new and handsome uniform, will render several of the latest musical successes.

# Heilbrun's SHOES,



The standard good shoes for the past 40 years.

Shoes of the most reliable make. Prices much below the average.

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Heilbrun & Co 402 7 St. N. W.

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## GRAND RALLY.

Sunday June 25th there will be a grand rally and preaching by representatives and able pastors at the Third Baptist church, corner 5th and Q streets northwest at 3 o'clock. Rev. Geo. W. Lee, D. D., will preach at 3 p. m., Rev. D. W. Loving of Alexandria, Va., will preach. Rev. James H. Lee, pastor.

## EDUCATIONAL.

### HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

INCLUDING Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutic Colleges

Thirty-second Session (1899-1900) will begin October 2, 1899, and continue seven (7) months.

Tuition fee in Medical and Dental Colleges, each \$80. Pharmaceutic College, \$70.

All students must register before October 12, 1899.

For catalogue or further information apply to:

F. J. Shadd, M. D., Secretary, 901 R. Street, n. w. City of Washington.

## REAL ESTATE.

R. J. MARSHALL,

REAL ESTATE & LOAN BROKER, 508 11th Street, N. W.

FOR SALE—Near New York avenue and North Capital street, new, buff brick residence, 6 rooms, cellar and bath, newly papered and decorated; has all modern improvements and conveniences: mirror mantels, speaking tubes, electric bells, etc.

This property is nicely located in an improving section of the city. The new electric cars will pass within a half block. This property, \$3,000, on monthly payments about the same as rent.

FOR SALE—In the northwest, very desirably located, a dwelling and store together, brick, large store room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor, 4 bedrooms and bath on second floor, all modern improvements. Shelving and counters complete. Price, \$3,500, on very easy terms. This is an investment worthy of immediate attention.

Many other well located properties in different sections of the city for sale on easy terms. Stop paying rent and own your own home.

## Hotel Clyde,

Firstclass Accommodations for Ladiss and Gentlemen Hot and Cold Baths

47 1/2 Mo. ave. n. w.

MRS. ALICE E. HALL, Proprietor.

## H. K. FULTON

LOAN OFFICE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, & MONEY LOANED ON EASY PAYMENTS.

H. K. Fulton has removed his Loan Office from his old stand, 1218 Pa., avenue to his handsome new building, 314 9th street, n. w., between Penn. ave. and D st. n. w., where he will be pleased to see his old friends and customers.

CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVER, UNREDEEMED PLEDGES FOR SALE.

314 9th Street, Northwest.

Establ 1866 BURNSTINE LOAN OFFICE

361 Penn. Ave. n. w.

Gold and silver watches, diamonds, jewelry, pistols, guns, mechanical tools, ladies and gentlemen's wear in apparel.

Old gold and silver bought. Unredeemed pledges for sale.

## L. H. Harris,

DRUGGIST AND DEALER IN

Pure Drugs & Chemicals

Prescriptions, Toilet and Fancy Articles, &c. PATENT MEDICINES, Physician's Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Compounded Day and Night. Cor. 3d and F Sts., S. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

## BARGAINS IN PIANOS

Upright and Square Pianos.

On Easy terms

Chas. M. Stieff,

Stieff Piano Warerooms, 521 Eleventh Street, Northwest

"Whistling Rufus" and Sousa's new march, "Hands Across the Sea," played by Hoffman's Band at the Academy of Music, Friday evening June 9th will be worth the price of admission alone.

## PRIVATE MAIL BOXES

No Person Allowed to Use Them Without Showing Good Reasons.

Nearly every swindler in the country has, at one time or another, leased a private letter-box.

Nearly every burglar, whose operations brought an occasional letter has had it addressed to a private letter-box.

Nearly every adventuress whose business it is to involve men in her affairs has received letters through private letter-boxes.

Nearly every blackmailer, who has preyed upon the public through its fears of petty indiscretions has used a private letter-box.

Nearly every libertine who makes a practice of drawing foolish women from the ways of rectitude has received perfumed notes through a private letter-box.

Husbands and wives who stoop to clandestine correspondence have found it easy to do so by means of private letter-boxes.

Murderers, highwaymen, bunco-steers, counterfeiters, embezzlers, have found private letter-boxes an aid to villainy and a bar to detection.

Until a short time ago 150 private postoffices were in operation in New York alone. Some had as many as one hundred letter-boxes, and brought the manager an income of perhaps \$2,000 a year.

The class of people who used private letter-boxes included such men as Percy Yarrington, who travelled all over the United States in a luxurious private car carrying a gas machine which he pretended would make illuminating gas for seven cents a foot, and selling patent rights for enormous sums.

Che. J. Leggett cleared \$40,000 through private letter-boxes by setting up bogus claims on great English estates and inducing the supposed claimants to give him money to push their interests. Leggett became in turn a sailor, school teacher, lawyer and judge. Forced to leave the bench to escape arrest for malfeasance, he eloped with a section foreman's wife. Then he went to Jackson, Tenn., and lived such a pious life that he became a doctor of divinity, a Baptist pastor and professor of oratory in the Southwestern Baptist University and subsequently he caused a schism in the church and founded a magazine called the True Baptist.

Another dangerous criminal was Charles Howard, who had a private letter-box in a Twelfth street office. He rarely called there himself, but had his mail placed in fresh envelopes and directed to other addresses. When the police got upon his trail the keeper of the office professed ignorance regarding Howard, but as soon as the officer had gone he wrote to Howard warning him that officers were after him. When caught this warning letter was found on Howard's person.

Mail order swindlers have been frequent users of letter-boxes. They send circulars offering all kinds of things for sale and use stationery bearing elaborate headings and pictures of palatial offices. The address given is usually some number on Broadway or some other leading thoroughfare, and people are led to believe that the writers are doing business in large offices on such streets; in reality the address is that of a private post-office, perhaps in an honest cigar shop or drug store.

The class of men and women who, through the "Personal" columns of certain newspapers, advertise their desires to meet somebody with the "object, matrimony," nearly always have private letter-boxes, and a vast number of foolish girls are ruined through their use. These victims are in many cases the daughters of prosperous and refined people, whose environment does not furnish the romance which their reading has taught them to wish for, and which they hope to find through clandestine correspondence.

Near schools, colleges and other places attended by young girls one of these letter-box resorts nearly always flourishes, drawing a large patronage from the more adventurous and romantically inclined pupils, and on several occasions the postoffice authorities have been asked to break them up.

Some of the private postmasters refuse to let their boxes to very young girls or to men. But any older woman can get one. In one of these places the fee is a dollar a week for each box and the lessees are people who can afford to wear handsome clothes and pay any price that is asked. Postoffice inspectors told the writer that some of the matrimonial troubles which have created sensations in New York had their beginning in clandestine correspondence through private letter-boxes.

## A Novel Lunch.

One of Philadelphia's wealthy young bachelors, who has most artistic rooms about a mile from the Philadelphia Club, was surprised one afternoon, by a call from a mother and daughter, both especial friends on whom he was anxious to make a favorable impression. Of course, he was glad to see them, but they had taken him unawares, and he reflected with a growing horror that there was not so much as a cracker to offer.

Being a man of wonderful mental resources, a bright idea suddenly struck him. Why not use dog biscuits? He had plenty of these, and they were not half unpalatable, while if broken up into judicial tiny bits there was every chance of their not being recognized. They might even be mistaken for the latest thing in biscuits. Determined to try it, anyhow, the bachelor presently offered his guests some sherry with bits of dog biscuit, served upon a dainty Sevresolatte. It worked like a charm, as the guests were visibly impressed with the new viand. They nibbled at it diligently, if with difficulty, and asked where it might be obtained. Upon this point the young man was unable to give any satisfaction. The biscuits were, he said, a special importation of a friend of his very costly and very rare, who had kindly presented them to the bachelor, the latter, of course, only serving them to his most honored guests.

The mother even asked if she could not take a sample home with her; they were going abroad very soon, she said, and would so much love to match it in London or Paris. But this aspiration the startled youth nipped in the bud by begging to be allowed to obtain a boxful of the dainty article for them from his friend.

Dartmoor, which occupies one-fifth of the County of Devon, is the largest tract of uncultivated land in England.

## INDIAN TORTURED.

"Doc Obija" Tells of Horrible Treatment Inflicted Upon a "Bad" Medicine Man.

This is the story told by "Doc Obija," a reliable Navajo Indian, of the horrible tortures his tribe inflicted upon Bine Nimalgo, medicine man and sorcerer:

"When the spot-sickness (small-pox) came upon the Navajos they knew that there was magic. That was why our men were dying and our young women's faces were pitted.

"Bine Nimalgo was a bad Indian. He deserved to die. His medicine was bad medicine. We had long known that; this was only why he had been driven out by the tribe long ago and lived away from the tribe. He had his revenge.

"It is not true that the sick went to him to be cured. They would not do that. He did not cure people, but made them ill. They feared the bad medicine.

"Bine Nimalgo was very strong and very wicked. He had a magic bow and arrow, with which he could shoot from very far away the spot-sickness and other bad things into his enemies, and he hated everybody because he was bad.

"He alone had the bow and arrow. Many had tried to find them, but they could not. He had well hid them. There was bad magic in the cache, so that no one found it. By night he shot the arrows and we fell ill.

"It was this that made hundreds lie down, and many of them died. When they felt the bad medicine in them they covered their faces with their blankets and sat waiting. They died bravely.

"We could not find the bows and arrows and the tribe was dying. Soon there would be no one left. And the Navajos are greatest of all the Indian people. This is known.

"This is why they went to the hogan (hut) of Bine Nimalgo. There were seven squaws and five fighting men who went. I do not know their names, but they were all Navajos. They did not fear death for themselves, they went for the tribe.

"I have said that the angry one was far off. The chosen twelve went to his place. I do not know their names. They reached the hogan and danced the death dance a long time; they tied Bine to a tree, that he might see the death. It was a dance for him.

"Then they told Bine Nimalgo how one by one he had slain the young men and the babies. And one by one as they told him this they broke the bones in him—broke them in short pieces, beginning with the little bones—and after that the great ones that do not break easily.

"He lived long, for he was a very strong man. The bad medicine made him strong.

"They took off his scalp, for he was an enemy. They cut off his ears. Where he has gone they will know him by these signs. I think they cut away his arms and legs. They danced the death dance and sang to him his bad deeds while they did these things. I do not know the names of the twelve who did this.

"When they were weary they fired twelve bullets into the body.

"Then they cut the things that held the body to the tree, and they put Bine into the hogan. His legs and arms and all the parts of his body they put in together. Then they set fire to the hogan, singing and dancing about it, and it burned very fast. The fire ate up all the bad medicine. The ashes were clean.

"This is the true story. Whatever else has been told is a lie." "Doc Obija" was with difficulty induced to tell his story. A small bribe that looks large to an Indian was the inducement finally offered. He believed firmly that the sorcerer was guilty and his punishment just.

Of course, Obija, like all the rest of the Navajos, knew who the guilty twelve were, but he will never reveal their names.

The crime was committed in what is called the Kearns Canyon country, Arizona. Officers went out from Holbrook as soon as they heard of it, but their visit was perfunctory. They knew very well that no Indian is in the least likely to turn informer.

## Monstrous Scrap Book.

What is beyond doubt the largest scrapbook in the world has just been completed for Dr. Peter Fahrney, of Chicago.

The book, which weighs a trifle over 1,200 pounds, is full bound, with leather edges. It is a handsomely finished blank book magnified many times. The boards are fifty inches from top to bottom and thirty inches wide. The book measures from outside hubs to front of board forty-two and one-half inches; the hubs are one and seven-eighths inches high; the title panels are nine and seven eighths by twenty-four and five eighths inches. The side covers of the book have sunken panels five eighths of an inch deep. The back of the book contains 1,000 leaves, but every tenth leaf has been cut out, leaving the stub two inches wide in order to allow for the pasting.

The boards are made up of trunk boards combined with wood, and are split like ordinary blank book boards; the flap has a stifferener of iron, and the back is made of steel and tarboard. The material used in the book is as follows: Three side cowhide, one bundle No. 6 trunk board, one bundle No. 12, 26x38, cloth board; one bundle strawboard for hubs; six medium tarboard for back; for end papers twelve sheets marbled paper and two yards of cloth.

Printing With Movable Type.—It seems quite surprising that the ancient Romans did not acquire the art of printing with movable types, inasmuch as they came so very near to it. They had wooden blocks carved with words in reverse, by means of which they stamped these words on pottery, while the latter was as yet unbaked and soft. Incidentally it may be mentioned that they knew the modern method of mending broken pots by means of rivets, and many pieces of pottery thus restored have been dug up.

In ancient Rome there was one daily newspaper, which was written entirely by hand. Furthermore the Roman Senate had a publication which corresponds to the Congressional Record, being a report of the daily proceedings of that important legislative body. It likewise was written by hand. Speaking of baked clay, one might mention the fact that the little boys of Rome 2,000 years ago were accustomed to play knuckle-down with marbles of that material, just as children do now.

## A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Mme. Flamant, a Pretty Parisian Widow Who Had Seen Better Days, Slain.

### THIRTY GASTLY GASHES

Her Arms Tattooed With Promises of Undying Love Vowed to Two Men.

Had Pledged "Love For Life" to Jean Bovet and Maurice and Neither is Known to the Police Who Have Several Theories—Robbery Was Clearly Not the Motive.

A short time ago Mme. Clemence Flamant was found dead in her room in the Rue Moret, Paris. She had been slain by repeated dagger thrusts—slain by some one who had stabbed and gashed the prone and helpless body until her strength was exhausted. Both arms of the murdered woman were tattooed in strange fashion.

Each bore a promise of undying love each promise was made, apparently, to a different man, and each was guarded by a tattooed dagger, emblematic of the death that would come if the vow were broken.

The tattooing was the only clue. From it the police believe that the murderer had been Mme. Flamant's suitor. But which suitor? And whither did he flee?

And who is he?

It is the strangest crime in a city of strange crimes. Mme. Flamant had lived at No. 107 Rue Moret for some years. She was apparently a widow of refined antecedents but moderate means. Her rooms were cleanly but comfortably furnished and neatly kept.

She had no known relatives and was regarded by those about her as a model neighbor and tenant. Her life was regular, even to monotony. She took her meals in the Parisian fashion, in neighboring cafes and restaurants, but spent much of her time in her room.

The night she was killed, Mme. Flamant went out to dinner. The time of her return was not noted.

When the concierge was passing down the stairs next morning Mme. Flamant's door was seen to be partly open, and curiosity prompted the custodian of the house to look inside. The



MME. FLAMANT.

woman was discovered dead, and the police were promptly notified. The body was cold, showing that death had occurred several hours previously.

An examination disclosed the following words tattooed on the right arm: "Jaime Maurice Des Canettes Pour La Vie, 1899."

The date proved at once that Mme. Flamant, whatever her past may hide of hardship or romance, was not past the age of romance.

For the message read: "I love Maurice of the faucets for life, 1899."

"Maurice the Tank" would be a fair rendering of the nickname. It is not a pretty nickname, but it is Parisian.

Beneath this strange pledge was a crude design—a heart outlined in red, pierced by a blue dagger.

It was a promise of undying love, backed by a grizzly suggestive threat of death if the promise were ever broken.

When the left arm was examined a device equally curious was revealed. "Jaime pour la vie Jean Bovet" were inscribed about a rude picture of a dagger and two hearts chained together and signed "Jean Bovet."

This pledge was without date, and the question at once arose as to which tattooed mark had been first affixed. Then the Lecogs of the Parisian police, to whom nothing is more dear than a cunning theory, "reconstructed" the crime after their manner.

Jean Bovet, they concluded, had been Mme. Flamant's suitor—perhaps years ago, certainly before Maurice. Because of his presumed partiality for tattooing they conclude that he must have followed the sea, though this is not evident, now that society women have taken to tattooing as a fad, as they have other foolish fads.

Bovet had gone away—this is all conjecture, of course—and Mme. Flamant, who had been gently reared, had come to want unforeseen by him and had removed to more modest quarters where a new lover had found the way to her heart, perhaps aided in his conquest by her poverty.

The second tattooing is more difficult to explain. It may be merely one of those coincidences which make real life stranger than any tale of the imagination. It may be that some incautious remark of Mme. Flamant revealed the truth to Maurice.

More probably, perhaps, the dead woman herself, urging on her own fate as women will, proffered the test and proof of her affection, and added the date as if to efface the memory of Bovet by a later declaration, even if she could not strip from her beautiful arm the promise she had made him.

At this point the police theory divides:

First—Did Jean return to Paris and punish the woman's faithlessness in the manner indicated by the design of the pierced heart?

Second—Had Clemence heard from or communicated with her first lover? Had he returned from the past to renew his claim upon her heart, and did Maurice inflict the punishment of death upon her?

Third—Oh, Percy, I'm afraid papa will ask me so after we are married. Percy (shocked)—What! Is he going away?—Judge.